

A Fawcett Publication

HOPALONG CASSIDY



Starring
WILLIAM
BOYD

DEC.

10¢

NO. 42

In this issue:
**THE DOOMED
DECISION!**





PETER IS IN THE ROOM...

THESE ARE THE GREAT
COWBOYS OF THE WEST!
WILD, WILD, WILD!
THEY'RE ALL HERE!
THEY'RE ALL HERE!
THEY'RE ALL HERE!
THEY'RE ALL HERE!
THEY'RE ALL HERE!



IT'S MY CHANCE TO BEAT IT
FOR GOOD! IN THE OPPOSITE
DIRECTION! IN THE TIME
HOPALONG GOES UP THE CHAIR
AND COMES BACK! HE'S FAR
AWAY! AND HE'S IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE TOWN!
HE'S IN THE MIDDLE OF THE
TOWN! HE'S IN THE MIDDLE
OF THE TOWN!



A FEW SECONDS LATER...

AS A SHERIFF PUT IT OVER ON THE
SHERIFF HOPALONG! NOW TO GET
OUT OF TOWN!



HE'S!
(GASP!)
HOPALONG!
THAT'S RIGHT! I ONLY
ROOM ONE TO
BEAT YOU—JUST AS
YOU OBSERVED THE
CLUB! I KNOW
YOUR NAME AND KNOW
YOU'VE BEEN TALKING TO
SOMEONE IN THE
OPPOSITE DIRECTION!



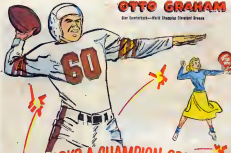
WELL, I'M SURE
YOU'VE BEEN TALKING
TO SOMEONE IN THE
OPPOSITE DIRECTION!



ADVERTISEMENT

OTTO GRAHAM

Our Contributors—World Champs! (World Press)



WHAT SPARKS A CHAMPION SPARKS *You*
...and Champions Choose Wheaties!



**THERE'S A
WHOLE KERNEL OF WHEAT
IN EVERY WHEATIES FLAKE!**

It sparks—in school—in play everyday
 keeps you alert, fast-moving, ready to
 go, you get whatever you need, the
 vitamins in your side like the
 champion did!

See Wheaties and "Breakfast of Champions"
 with regular and special meals of Wheaties!

THAT MAKES WHEATIES
 TOPS IN THE BREAKFAST
 DEPARTMENT!



"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"



WHITEY WHISKERS

SCIENTIFIC SAP

HEL, WHITEY WHISKERS,
HOW COME YOU'VE BEEN
STANDING OUTSIDE YOUR
HOUSE SO MUCH
LATELY?

OH, I'VE BEEN CARRYING
OUT AN EXPERIMENT AND
I'VE DISCOVERED SOMETHING
AMAZING!



HUH? YOU TALKIN' AN
EXPERIMENT? AND
DISCOVERED SOMETHING
AMAZING?

THAT'S
RIGHT!



JEERERS,
WHAT IS IT?

COME
AROUND, AND
I'LL SHOW
YOU!



I RECKON YOU ENOUGH
HAVE A BATCH OF
TAKED FLEAS,
DAP? YEA?

YUP! RECK
WOULD THEM?



WELL, I'VE FOUND OUT
THAT WHEN YOU PUT FLEAS
AROUND, THEY BECOME DEAD!

[GROG]
WHAT?



WHEN YOU TIE THE FLEAS?
LEGS, THAT BECOMES DEAD?
I'VE BEEN TAKIN' RECKONING!

HOLD IT UP!
I PROVED IT!





HOPALONG CASSIDY

starring
WILLIAM BOYD

AN
**BURNING
REVENGE**















QUIZ...

GET YOUR THINKING CAPS ON AND TRY TO BEAT THE GUINNESS! SCORE COLUMBA AS FOLLOWS: 1 CORRECT, EXCELLENT! A CORRECT VERY GOOD SCORE. 2-3 CORRECT, GOOD! 4 CORRECT, AND 5 CORRECT, FINE!

- 1 THE SOUTH POLE IS COLDER THAN THE NORTH POLE.

☐ True ☐ False



- 2 THERE ARE THREE BOTTOMLESS LAKES IN THE U.S.

☐ True ☐ False



- 3 JULIA WARD HOWE WROTE THE "BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC."

☐ True ☐ False



- 4 WHEN A NEW STATE IS ADMITTED INTO THE UNION, A STAR IS ADDED TO THE FLAG UNAPATHRICK

☐ True ☐ False

- 5 A RACEDOWN EATS ABOUT 45 POUNDS OF FOOD A DAY.

☐ True ☐ False



ANSWERS: 1. TRUE 2. FALSE 3. TRUE 4. FALSE 5. TRUE

Another
Sensational

MOTION PICTURE COMICS



SWASHBUCKLING ADVENTURE!
DEATH-DEFYING SWORD PLAY!

JOHN DEREN in MASK OF THE AVENGER

WITH ANTHONY QUINN • JODY LAWRENCE

A COLUMBIA PICTURE • COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

104...BUT A COPY AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSDEALER'S...104



BOYS and GIRLS!

Let Hoppy Send You This

BIG 8-PIECE OFFICIAL THRIFT KIT



- 1 A New Hoppy Savings Book
- 2 Your Savings Values Steps
- 3 Letter of Welcome from Hoppy
- 4 Club membership card with HOPPY'S SAVINGS CARD BY THE WEST OR THE EAST
- 5 Official membership card book
- 6 Autographed photo of Hoppy
- 7 Hoppy Ball Team
- 8 Savings Values Award Book



All You Have to Do is JOIN

HOPALONG CASSIDY SAVINGS CLUB

It's easy! Opening an account at any Bank or Savings Association HAVING A HOPALONG CASSIDY SAVINGS CLUB, makes you a member! When you join you're immediately given a Hoppy Book and Club Savings Book. Then Hoppy sends you a big 8 piece Thrift Kit direct from Hollywood. Ask your local Bank or Savings Association about the Club today.



Hit the Top Pronto in HOPPY'S SAVING RODEO

You can start with any saving you like with as little as \$1.00 saving you as a Thunderer. The more you save the greater you'll reach Hoppy's own riding of the 10 Foreman.

IF A HOPALONG CASSIDY SAVINGS CLUB HAS NOT
RETURNED IN YOUR COMMUNITY WRITE TODAY FOR
THE NAME OF THE BANK OR SAVINGS ASSOCI-
ATION NEAREST YOU HAVING A CLUB.
DO NOT SEND ANY MONEY WHEN YOU WRITE.

BAR-TWENTY
12 N. DEPAULIN BL.
CHICAGO 4, ILL.

CUT THIS
COUPON

NAME: _____
12 N. DEPAULIN BL.
CHICAGO 4, ILL.

Please send me more club information and the address
of the Hopalong Cassidy Savings Club nearest me.

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____



WHETHER it was that was spreading the loco weed infestation had to come along that road, Sheriff Milt Cady knew. He hid in the cover of a tall, thick pine and shook his head wisely. The lobo behind it all would probably get at Flat Pinner's spread next and ruin it, by sowing loco weed. Pinner's spread was the biggest in the valley. What puzzled Cady was why anyone would take it into his head to break one of the main laws of the West. Every waddy knew it was his unwritten obligation to uproot every loco weed on sight, and most of them could spot one at five hundred feet. But to deliberately seed loco weed, to scatter the stuff secretly so that it could grow and flower and then kill thousands of cattle who ate it—that he couldn't understand.

Loco weed couldn't be detected until it was already rooted, and then it spread fast. If it spread fast enough, many a rancher in the valley would be ruined, if not all of them.

A clatter of hoofs startled his deep absorption. Cady's cool blue eyes swerved past the road. Then he shouted as a cayuse broke suddenly from the cover of a rise and thundered away.

"Stop!" Cady yelled. He drew his hoglegs. "Stop!" he yelled again. "If you don't I'll . . ." his guns roared as he spurred his own cayuse forward.

Martenshap was impossible even that rough terrain and suddenly Cady's horse stumbled. Cady flew into the air like a suddenly released rocket and landed in a clump of bushes.

"Get away, by thunder!" Cady exclaimed, picking himself up painfully. Then he passed. Then he heard hoofbeats again. His horse had scrambled to its feet and Cady caught the reins. He felt for his guns. They hadn't jolted out of his holsters. When the rider came galloping back over the rise, the Sheriff was ready.

"Well, I'll be . . ." Cady began.

"You seen anybody high-tailin' it by here?" Flat Pinner asked and stopped. "Oh, it's you, Sheriff," he exclaimed.

"You're darn tootin', it's me," the Sheriff said suspiciously. "You sure it wasn't you high-

tailin' it with me chasin' you?"

"Gosh no, Sheriff," Flat protested. "Some sidwinder was ridin' across my north acres scatterin' loco weed, so I lit out after him, lost him just a while ago."

"Maybe so, maybe not," Cady said glumly. "You comin' to the town meetin' tomorrow, to see what can be done about this loco weed epidemic?"

"I'll be there, Sheriff," Flat said.

Riding back to town, Cady pondered on Flat Pinner. The fact that Pinner's ranch had been the last in the valley to get the fatal damping might mean plenty. It might also mean nothing. But Pinner's presence on Cady's path just minutes before was bad enough. It looked rough for Flat Pinner, Cady thought.

Next day, on his way to the meeting, he passed Doc Brander's office. Doc was the local veterinarian. He found Doc somewhat downcast, in his office.

"Situation gettin' pretty bad, Doc?" Cady asked.

"Six hundred cattle dead so far," he granted. "A' course that doesn't mean all the cattle around here will be wiped out, but we've got to work fast. If you can stop that horned toad who's doing all this loco weed seed scatterin', we can get it under control. Just one more week, though, and it'll be too late. There's not enough feed in the valley to take care of the summer needs. The rest of the cattle'd just starve to death. It'd be better to let 'em eat the loco weed. That way they'd die with full stomachs." Doc looked bitter.

He glanced at his watch.

"Time for the meetin'," he said, and got up. They both walked out of the office and down the street toward the town hall where about twenty horses already were tied up.

"Wait a minute," Cady said suddenly, as they passed near the horses. He peered at them.

"What's the matter?" Doc asked.

Cady hesitated. His eyes swept the lines of hitched cayuses carefully. Then he inspected them one by one quickly.

Doc shrugged his shoulders, smiling. He

knew Cady was clever, and he patted his side to make sure his own holsters were there, with baggies in them.

Inside the hall, Mayor Radlorn had already opened the meeting. Debate was heavy. Cady saw ranchers Jack Krober and The Payton talking angrily in a corner. They were big cattle raisers and stood to lose plenty. Then he glimpsed Tom Knight, Rick Cantown and Dave Merritt arguing across the aisle. Cady exchanged greetings with all as he came in. He seemed a great tension sweeping beneath the surface of the meeting.

The Sheriff walked up to the platform.

"Glad to see you, Sheriff," Mayor Radlorn said loudly. "These boys want your scalp."

Cady took his hat off and everybody smiled. He was bald.

"Guess you can't have my scalp, boys," the Sheriff said. "But you can have my resignation if you want it."

There were loud cries of no.

"All right," Cady put his two-fallos back on. "But I'll keep my job on just one condition; that all of you highball it here and stay put tonight. I haven't got two dozen eyes and I can't watch all the spreads at once. Keep your bunkhouse boys on the alert and maybe you'll spot this lobo and grab him!"

There was some grumbling at this, but the ranchers had to give in. Cady was a good sheriff and they didn't want to lose him.

After the meeting broke up, Cady went back with Doc Brandon to the Doc's office. He picked up a book of cattle diseases, got a few opinions from Doc on loco weed poisoning and then asked Doc if he'd come along to help arrest the man behind the epidemic.

"Why sure," Doc said, surprised. "Didn't know you knew who it was yet, though. Cady. You got anybody to go along with us?"

"Three deputies," Cady said. "Signed up three of the ranchers as they left town after the meeting. They won't talk."

An hour after midnight, Cady and Doc left town. They met up with the three deputized ranchers at a prearranged spot. Then they rode north until they came to a crossroads, turned, and then cantered noiselessly through a pasture.

"Thunderation!" Doc whispered hoarsely. "I know where we are. By all the hoined roads in heck, we're in . . ."

"Shhh!" Cady admonished him. "Keep quiet. He's not expecting us or anybody. Remember, I asked 'em all to stay at home. After all, he can afford to sleep one night's sound. Besides, everybody else is on the lookout—

sharp!"

They left their horses some distance from the house that loomed up before them, its windows lit. Cady, in the lead, crept up quietly to the front door. They all took positions behind him.

Then Cady burst in the door.

There were three men in the room.

"What the devil!" Mayor Radlorn began. The two other men, from his bunkhouse gang, turned white. On the floor beside them were what looked like sacks of wheat.

"Good evening, Mayor," the Sheriff said, holding his gun ready. "I'll just have a look, if you don't mind." He slipped open one of the sacks and bent down to have a look.

"Silver ore," he said. "And pretty rich, too. I know it had to be something pretty valuable to risk wiping out thousands of dollars worth of cattle!"

The Mayor started.

"What about the ore," he said. "That doesn't prove anything! It's my ore!"

"Sure it is—and you agreed loco weed to make sure you got all the ore in the valley. You had an idea there was more ore under the neighboring ranches, so you figured out a way to ruin your friends and then buy the abandoned ranches, probably through a third party. Now let's get out in the corral!" He nudged the Mayor and the other two men out into the back yard. Over by the corral were more sacks. They looked like feed-sacks. Doc Brandon, at a word from the Sheriff, took one of them open.

"Loco weed seed!" he yelled, amazed.

"SURE," Cady said. "I noticed this afternoon that one of the horses died up outside the hall was showing early signs of loco weed poisoning. Now horses don't eat loco weed if they can get anything else, and all careful widlides keep their cayuses away from it. So I figured maybe the lobo who spread the seed had somehow got it mixed up with his own horsefeed. When the meeting broke up, I saw Radlorn get on the sick horse."

Cady looked at the white-faced, trembling Radlorn.

"Anybody who'd be stupid enough to try ruining a whole valley would be crazy enough to keep that loco weed seed out near the cat supply. And you did." He looked narrowly at the Mayor and smiled. "How sure you didn't get any of that loco weed mixed up with your own vittles?"

HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING
WILLIAM BOND

THE DOOMED DECISION

BOCK!

BIF! BAM!

WELL, THAT'S A BUNCH
HELL AND HORROR
JEDSON SCRAPPTING
LIKE A PAIR OF
HENNIE WILDCATS!





"IT'S OBVIOUS, THAT JUDGE'S BEEN THROTTLED BY CATTLE! AND I WANT THEM BACK!"

"MAYBE NOT YOUR CATTLE, BUT THEIRS! I DON'T WANT YOUR CATTLE! AND IF YOU DON'T STOP ADDRESSING ME, I'LL—"



"HOLD IT! THERE'S NO BEING IN BETWEEN OVER AND OVER AGAIN! NOW ABOUT SETTLING CATTLE, TRYING TO LIE TO BOTH OF YOU AND LETTING HIM DECIDE WHICH OF YOU IS RIGHT?"



"THAT'S OKAY WITH ME! A GOOD BEHAVIOR IS A FINE AND HONEST MAN! HE'S WILLING TO GO TO THE END!"

"WELL, I'M NOT! I DON'T CARE WHAT THE JUDGE SAYS! THOSE ARE MY CATTLE! AND THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT!"



"THAT'S NOT REASONABLE, JUDGE! AN OX IS THERE'S A COWBITE! IT SHOULD BE SETTLED! I CAN LET THE JUDGE TO DO IT! BUT IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE OBSTINATE, I'LL HELP HIM BRING YOU TO COURT AND LET THE LAW DECIDE IN A PUBLIC TRIAL!"



"I CAN'T GO TO COURT, AND I CAN'T LET THE JUDGE SETTLE! BUT I'VE BEEN THROUGH WITH CATTLE! BUT IF I KEEP DEFENDING, HOPALONG WILL RESPECT MY DUTY!"



"ALL RIGHT! I'LL LET THE JUDGE DECIDE!"

"GOOD! I'LL STOP IN TO SEE HIM ON MY WAY TO THE OFFICE AND MAKE AN APPOINTMENT FOR THE OX-COW TROUBLE-SOME TRIAL! SEE YOU THEN!"

SHORTLY AFTER, IN THE JUDGE'S DRAWING ROOM—



"CERTAINLY, HOPALONG, TO BE GLAD TO TRY TO SETTLE THIS CATTLE TEN OX-COW TROUBLE-SOME TRIAL IS FINE!"

"THANKS, JUDGE! BY THE WAY, HOW'S YOUR BOY, JIM?"

"RIGHT! HE'S STILL IN A HOSPITAL, HOPPY! HIS LEGS WERE BACED UP IN THAT ACCIDENT! BUT THE DOCTOR SAYS HE'LL BE COMPLETELY WOKERED IN TIME FOR HIS EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY NEXT SUMMER!"



"THAT'S GREAT! HE'S A FINE BOY!"





HOPALONG CASSIDY













